

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



WHAT THE GHOST TURNED OUT TO BE.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE was no doubt that some living, breathing creature was there, almost at her elbow, but what was it? It had feet, for it walked; hands in all probability, for two long arms flapped backward and forward in a loose, unstrung manner, and in another second it raised its head. What was it? Was it human? Hope might well ask herself the

question, for the existence of such a miserable, repulsive specimen of humanity it would not have been possible for her to imagine. She had heard of crétins and crétinism, but never suspected this could extend to such deformity as she now beheld. Two sounds rent the air when the hideous thing thrust its face close to hers—her own shriek, and a savage guttural cry.

Without a moment's delay she sprang from the wall on which she sat, made for the first path before

her, and, without glancing to the right or the left, ran down from the castle-crowned height as fast as her swift feet could carry her. Impelled by terror, her only object was escape, to get away from the ruin and the frightful creature that appeared to haunt it. When, still panting with alarm, she was at length compelled to stop for want of breath, a fresh fear took hold of her. She was in the wrong path, and felt no certainty where it led. Instinct guiding her steps, she had gone downwards, and had lost sight of the castle, also of the green meadow land over which she ought to pass. She was in the midst of the pine wood, the gloom of which, so refreshing in the bright glare of a summer's day, has quite a different effect in the evening. Glancing timidly around to ascertain if she were pursued, every dead grey stump or withered stem increased the rapid beating of her heart, or threatened to stop it altogether, for in each she feared to recognise the unwelcome visitant of the ruin. The crisp echo of the withered branches under her feet sounded to her excited feelings like pursuit, and added more and more swiftness to her flight.

On the right she could still hear the torrent rushing along, but with less noise. Either she was farther off, or, having done leaping from rock to rock, it had found a less precipitous passage. Satisfied now that she was not followed, Hope leant her wearied frame against a tree, endeavouring to collect her thoughts and revive her recollections of the path by which she had reached the castle.

Two courses seemed open to her. One was to work her way back to the slopes above, and thence regain, as she imagined was probable, the route by which she came; the other to follow the torrent, which must ultimately fall into the river—and the river, she knew, ran through the village. Of time and distance arising from the turns and freaks of nature in mountainous districts, she was ignorant. To sit down and yield to fear and despondency while anything could be done was not in Hope's character. So long as strength lasted her spirit would lead her to exertion. It never occurred to her that there might be a conjuncture of circumstances wherein patient waiting would be more successful and more heroic than toil. She might have argued from the certainty of being missed at the dinner hour that search would be made for her, and that consequently it was most prudent to remain as near as she could to the castle, but fear is usually unreflecting.

Before all other things was dread of the object she had seen above. He could not be far off, and this thought determined her to continue her flight, not remembering that, if even he were upon her track, of which she at present saw no sign, her light feet would speedily distance one whose movements were so slow and awkward.

Her first desire was to ascend, in order to regain the open country which must be on the left. Without retracing her steps, which she had not the courage to do, this was at present impossible. The ground sloped gradually from the castle, and in places became so steep that she had to jump and scramble from point to point, regardless of the difficulties, which appeared somewhat formidable upon looking back.

In the direction she must take to accomplish her purpose the soil had fallen away, leaving the trees growing on a shelving bank not practicable for her

to climb. After making a few ineffectual efforts, resulting only in loss of time, every second of which was becoming precious, she gave up the attempt, and continued to descend, expecting to find an easier path lower down. Stumbling and scrambling, hoping and fearing, on she went, making little progress by reason of her trepidation and uncertainty. Fancying she heard footsteps, she could not help pausing to listen, or else to peer anxiously through the trees for some glimpse of the green sward, which then would have been such a welcome sight. Nothing of the kind was visible. Apprehending that night would overtake her before she was out of the wood, and despairing of getting back to the proper path, Hope changed her mind, and resolved to turn her steps towards the water. After a short while she came upon a path not much marked but distinct, which seemed to wind along the edge of the cliff. It led upwards as well as downwards, and might, she thought, be a short way from some goat-herd's cottage or some hamlet to the castle.

By the relief she felt at this first sign of communication with others, Hope realised how frightened she had been, and how painfully she would have been alive to it had she had time to reflect. Now she felt comparatively cheerful. The way might be long, but at least it was safe, and the path being even and level, she would be able to proceed more quickly. Forgetful of fatigues, at a rapid pace she followed the welcome thread, up and down several little ridges, sometimes mossy, sometimes stony, but always running in the same line. From the top of one she unexpectedly perceived a roof, stone walls, a small square building, and heard the tinkling of a bell. Fear and thankfulness struggled together as she hastened on. Was it only a cattle-shed, so many of which stud the hills and forest glades of Switzerland, or was it a human habitation where she might find shelter or assistance? All doubt was speedily removed. Before she reached the spot a woman came out of the hut, and, after looking about her, gave a loud call. Supposing it addressed to her, Hope quickened her steps and ran towards her. The woman stared in silence, and continued to do so; when Hope, after relating that she had lost her way, anxiously inquired where she was, and how she could best reach her home.

Remembering the difficulty of communication with the villagers around, who only spoke or understood a rough German patois, of which she knew nothing, Hope tried pantomime, and pointing downwards endeavoured to make the stranger understand that she wished to go in that direction. The woman turned upon her a face of extreme ugliness, rendered more so than it was by nature from the loose, matted, grisly hair, which must have been innocent of brush and comb for many a day. Her dress of different pieces—body, short skirt, and petticoat of various colours—and neither clean nor orderly, did not improve her appearance. As Hope spoke, the woman gave great attention to the examination of her person, then glanced towards the path behind her, and shook her head. Hope became uneasy. Did this mean that it was not the road she wanted, or that she would not show her the way? A glitter in her dark, hard eyes, as she again fixed them upon the little figure before her, was not reassuring. The scene bore an alarming resemblance to that of a gentle lamb before a gaunt and powerful wolf.

Shrinking from a further acquaintance, Hope would

willingly have proceeded on her way at her own risk, without information from such a source, but the woman would not let her go. Planting herself solidly in the path, she made her a sign to go into the hut. For this Hope's heart utterly failed her. One glimpse into the interior, as well as the appearance of its owner, made her prefer the open air and the uncertain road, at all hazards, to such a lodging and in such company. Though getting dusk, it was not dark; the path beyond was good, better marked than the one by which she had come. It must lead somewhere, having the appearance of being frequently trodden. Gathering up her courage, Hope resolved to try it, but thought it best to propitiate the woman, who seemed strongly inclined to detain her. Unfortunately, she had nothing to give; her purse, from which, small as it was, she could always spare something for the poor, was left at home. From her person she could not offer; ornaments would have no value in the eyes of this solitary being; and even were it otherwise, she had only a simple ring, the gift of Mrs. Ashworth, with which she could not part except in case of real necessity. Calling up a smile, which her pale, trembling lips belied, and giving the customary "guten Tag," she made a movement forward, when the woman put out her hand to detain her. Before she actually touched her, through the air came the same harsh, guttural cry Hope had heard above, and, looking back, she saw the object of her recent terror coming down the path with a slouching, shambling gait, his long arms waving to and fro and, as she thought, making desperate efforts to reach her.

"Mother and son," was the thought that flashed through her mind, and, taking instant advantage of the moment the former glanced upwards, Hope passed her in the narrow path she was blocking up, and ran with all the rapidity that distrust and fear could give. She stumbled, she slipped, she frequently nearly fell; but wherever the path led she was determined to follow. The water, leaping from rock to rock, accompanying her flying steps with its stern music, served as a guide. With some level stream it must ultimately mix, if not with the river that flowed past Bellerive, and this consideration gave her courage. All at once the path diverged: there were two of them, one continued to descend, the other—O joy untold!—turned to the left, where she wished to go. Without a moment's hesitation she followed the latter track, over damp grass, rough stones, little trickling streams or landsprings, but never stopping, not even when its trace was lost among the tall ferns which presently reached her shoulder. The difficulty of the way increased at every step. Persuaded that if she could round the hill she must arrive at the green slopes from whence she still expected to find her way home, Hope struggled on until she could go no further. A thick growth of underwood, composed of alder and other stumps, interlaced by briery branches replacing the tall ferns, soon obliterated every vestige of path.

Night, too, was coming on fast. The purple hue of closing day was succeeded by a sombre universal grey, which, confounding all distant objects, blended them together in one monotonous tint. Weary, spiritless, frightened and exhausted, she sank down at last among the long ferns, unable to go any further. The desired goal was as distant as ever, and a thick brushwood appeared to cover the ground below her, which dipped precipitously into a ravine.

Here, then, she must pass the night, happy, too, if not discovered by the pair who had so much alarmed her. Who else was likely to find her? She knew not where she was, and had no alternative but to remain there till morning, thankful if hidden from the dreaded inhabitants of the hut. No sound was in the air, but a chilly breeze rose from below, and from this her light clothing was insufficient to protect her. With a troubled heart she tried to prepare herself to pass the night in the open air, casting her skirt over her head in order to procure some additional warmth. The course she determined on was to lie down among the ferns, but the slanting character of the ground presented a serious obstacle. She hoped, of course, to sleep; and perhaps in some moment of restless slumber an unguarded movement might set her rolling down the incline. She could not see to the bottom, and it looked dark below her. The indistinct light yet remaining served more to alarm than to encourage her. From some of the broken trees or stemless trunks scattered about, Hope trusted to secure a safe position, and looked about in search of one. A little higher was an object resembling what she wanted; and scrambling thither, she found that her eye had not deceived her. Here was the large root of some noble forest tree which might be converted into a safe resting-place for the night. It was slantingly situated, about three feet from the ground below, and less above, with good sitting room, and a small hollow at the bottom. Strange accommodation for which to be grateful, yet when Hope found that she could sit there in safety, resting her head on the tree and her feet in the hollow, the strongest feeling of the moment was thankfulness. Life has great vicissitudes; a trifle despised under ordinary circumstances may come to us at such a time and in such a guise as to draw a touching and unexpected pathos from the trembling chords of our every-day humanity. It did so now. In her joy at having found a safe refuge, cold and roofless as it was, little Hope forgot her past anxieties, and, bowing her head upon her clasped hands, offered up a prayer of thanksgiving; but the emotion prompting the reverential act quickly subsided, and fear again obtained the mastery.

With the increasing darkness the silence around became more painful. By straining her ears to listen she caught the murmur of water, but whether a stream not far off, trickling from the height above, or the subdued torrent, now quickly nearing the river, she could not tell, and had not sufficient spirit remaining in her to care. It mattered not, for there she must stay till morning. The long hours must pass at last, however slowly they went by. If she could only sleep! She might try. Her position was safe, for so long as she held to the tree she could not fall. But it was cold, the air felt chilly; she shivered. Her exertions in running and climbing had rendered her more than usually sensitive to the night air. Her head covered with her skirt, unhappily too thin to be of much use, she once more laid down on her clasped hands, made her prayer as she would have done if going to bed at home, and closed her eyes. Why could she not sleep? She had prayed to be preserved and guarded, and believed that to her Father above the night was as clear as the day. Ada would have had no doubts and no distrustful fears, why then should she? But she was not like Ada; she was not willing to leave this beautiful world, of which at present she knew

so little. Life was a pleasant thing, and she could enjoy it. She loved her home, her relatives, her friends, the free air, the blue sky, and the flowery earth. The song of the birds, the hum of the bee, the buzz of the insects, the trees, the plants, every country sound and object was a pleasure to her. She even loved the rain and the wind; their pattering and whistling had a music of their own for her. No, she felt that she was very unlike Ada. Health throbbed in her veins, and tinted every perspective with the bright hues that youth casts so readily around it; but now, in her solitude and forced isolation, she grieved that she could not sit so loosely to these pleasant things as her friend did. A kind of remorse enveloped her that she loved life so well. "And if I die to-night," she thought. Again she clasped her little hands, and with sobs and tears asked to be made ready and willing to go.

Finding sleep impossible, she lifted her head to take another peep into the darkness. There was a change since she last looked. Beyond, it was black as before, but near and around prevailed a lighter shade, enabling her to distinguish imperfectly three motionless objects not far off, which she had not observed before. What were they? They were not rocks; could they be trees, standing out like figures still and weird-like? Oh, if she could only be sure! Gaze intently as she would, the still forms did not become more distinct, so she dropped her head down once more to shut them out from sight and went off into another vein of meditation.

What o'clock could it be? How slowly the time passed. Could the night be gone, and the change she now perceived be the first glimmer of dawn? It was always darkest just before the break of day, and the last time she looked it was very dark indeed. Further reflection convinced her of the unreality of her hope. However long she had been there it could not be a whole night, for she was sure she had not slept, and every minute had been unnaturally lengthened.

They were sleeping at the hotel, all of them. After a fruitless search they had returned home, concluding that she had found a shelter for the night somewhere. Mrs. Stanmore and Ada, could they be so easily satisfied? Hope's heart throbbed a little with a feeling of disappointment. And Captain Ashworth—she knew well that had Mrs. Ashworth's son been in her place and she in his, she should have given no rest to any one in the hotel until he were found. Every man in the place, every labourer on the farm, every visitor or servant in the house she would have disturbed and sent to seek him. She knew she was nothing to him, nor her life, nor her comfort, nor her fright, nor her grief; but she was dear to his mother, and for the sake of that dear tender parent—for mere humanity's sake: Hope could get no further; the tears now came fast and freely. It seemed to her so hard to be forgotten and abandoned. For once she was not sensible; her courage and endurance, sorely tried, had now oozed away. Her spirit was quenched, and she continued to weep until a sound like that of rolling stones caused her to look up with fresh alarm.

The whitish hue beginning to appear a short time ago had considerably deepened, and though the light did not reach the spot where she sat, streaks of it fell in places. The moon was rising, and would soon be her companion for many hours. Glancing towards the objects of her late alarm, she saw now

that they were trees, and by the increasing light discovered them to be silver birches, whose tall white stem, surmounted by their dark straggling branches, had even then a phantom-like appearance. When weak and weary, and unnaturally depressed, Hope might be led into a morbid state of feeling, but she was not one to yield to it. Calmed by the discovery that her last alarm had in reality no foundation, and more resigned to the situation from which it was impossible to extricate herself, she again rested her head on the tree, and probably slept or dozed, for she was suddenly startled by a noise close to her, and a heavy substance came tumbling into her lap. A thrill of horror shot through her veins, for the instantaneous thought was that the poor crétin of the hut had found her. Loud panting, a succession of short joyful barks, and some successful endeavours to lick her face, soon raised her from the depths of despairing terror to confidence and joy. A friend, a true real friend, had come to comfort her. It was the large dog belonging to the hotel, who, if unable to do more, would, she felt sure, prove a faithful guardian till the morning came, when they might find their way home together. "Rudolph, dear Rudolph," cried Hope, winding her arm round him, and kissing for very gratitude the shaggy head thrust so close to her own. But Rudolph was not alone; stones came rattling down from above, followed by the sound of footsteps. Some one was coming to her rescue. In a few seconds a man stood by her side, and a voice, not unkind though rather rough, because speaking in the barbarous jargon of the country, tried to reassure her.

MADAGASCAR TWO CENTURIES AGO:

PROPOSAL TO MAKE IT A BRITISH "PLANTATION."

EVERY one who knows anything of our elder literature knows that among other of his remarkable—and it is very remarkable—poetry, Sir William Davenant has a considerable poem named "Madagascar," which, indeed, he transfigures with the splendour of an imaginative faculty that in its kind is not easily to be matched. Elsewhere there are incidental references to the far-off island-continent, from the days of our great sea-kings, the Frobishers and Drakes and Raleighs, onward. But by far the most taking of these old and practically unknown books, larger and lesser, is one that, having just turned up in our own library, it seems worth while briefly bringing before the readers of the "Leisure Hour;" especially as the triumph of missions in Madagascar, after infinite trial of steadfastness and many a noble martyrdom, without the world's applause, is one of the richest pages in the Book of modern Christianity—not to be torn out, or blurred, or stained, by ritualistic propagandists. The following is its title-page:—

Madagascar,

.....

The Richest

And most

Frvitefvll Island

In the World.

Wherein

The Temperature of the Clymate, the
Nature of the Inhabitants, the Commodities of

the Countrie, and the facility and benefit of a Plantation by our People there, are compendiously and truly described.

Dedicated

To the Honourable Iohn Bond, Governour of the Island, whose proceeding is Authorized for this Expedition, both by the King and Parliament.

By Walter Hamond.

London :

Printed for Nicholas Bourne, and are to bee sold at his Shop, at the South Entrance of the Royall Exchange. 1643. [4^o]

Sooth to say, this title-page—like those small shops that are all window and all the stock put into the window—excites a higher expectation than the book itself (or booklet, as Charles Lamb would have dubbed it, after Robert Burton) fulfils. Nevertheless, there are things in it that, looking back from 1875 to 1643, are of interest, over and above the inevitable speculations started on the possibility of an English "Plantation," had it been made as stout-hearted, sagacious, though perhaps over-sanguine, Walter Hamond advocated. We know what came of "Plantations" earlier and contemporaneous, in Virginia and Maryland, and the ice-ribbed and bleak-aired New England States. We can only muse over the "might have been" magnificent jewel in England's regalia had Madagascar in 1643 been added to the empire.

Turning to the old pages, the Epistle-dedicatory has the ring of Raleigh, and dear, quaint Hakluyt himself. "Great actions," it commences, "are not enterprised by vulgar spirits; without eminent vertue man seldom riseth above private interests. In this designe you [Honorable John Bond, Governour and Captaine-Generall of Madagascar] have given the world a testimony of what latitude your thoughts are, how [they are] not to be circumscribed within the common narrow limits. The Romans in their glorious age (which remains an envy to all succeeding) employed their most famed generals in discovery of remotest islands, and our owne had the honour to be invaded by the greatest Cesar; and when he made his attempt here, the Indies can afford no people more divided in itselfe than we were; more weake in fortresses on land or ships at sea; but Time hath reformed us to the excellency we now so much glory in. The noblenesse of the example serves you for encouragement; and I am certaine the largenesse and fertility of the Island of Madagascar promiseth you a far more rich returne; and it may be possible something of his honour."

En passant, the phrase "our owne [island] had the honour to be invaded by the greatest Cesar" has its equivocal compliment neutralised by the after intimation that the "honour" was really to Cesar, and that we have here only an awkward-turned sentence.

The epistle-dedicatory goes on to denounce oppositions and envies and jealousies in relation to the gallant enterprise of a "Plantation," and closes with a modest statement of the writer's claims in his account. "I here present you with the Island you aime at, drawn in a little tablet; the cloath coarse and the colours poore and ill laid; but it may challenge the better reception in regard it was taken to the life by me an eye-witnesse, in whom the memory of that fruitfull and pleasant country so far

prevayles that it makes me ambitious to forsake my native [land] and wait upon you thither, if you will please to admit me." Our light at this late day is dim, and I have failed to learn anything concerning either John Bond or Walter Hamond, as, indeed, I have failed to get at positive information on the evident appointment of Bond as "Governour and Captaine-Generall" of the Island. It seems singular that a Fact so large should have passed out of human memories; and that Ellis and other historians of Madagascar should (apparently) have missed Hamond's "eye-witnesse" narrative and appeal—for the narrative is only the basis of ar-urgent, persuasive, impassioned appeal to Englishmen to "go in and possess the land;" as witness these his closing words: "This virgin island o. Madagascar doth here by me friendly and lovingly invite our Nation to take some compassion of her nakednesse, her poverty and her simplicity, both corporall and spirituall, and doth earnestly and affectionately even beg of us to redeeme her out o. her miserable thraldome under the tyranny of Satan, to be united with us into the fellowship of the sons of God by our union in Christ Jesus." William Crashaw, father of the poet Richard Crashaw, in his magnificent missionary sermon for the "Virginia Company," spoke with a heart breaking in the intensity of its longing to have the gospel carried to the "dark places of the earth;" and there are other noble missionary sermons of two hundred and two hundred and fifty years ago that ought to be more recognised than they have been, as potential in helping to the ultimate outburst of national enthusiasm and consecration in favour of Christian missions everywhere. Walter Hamond was a blunt, bluff, outspoken seaman—so far as is to be gathered—yet in his heart, as in numerous others, there was, besides the love of adventure and commercial enterprise, a very distinct apprehension, if not comprehension, that here was a wide-open door whereby Englishmen ought to enter in for the salvation of perishing heathen and the glory of Christ's name. This comes out ever and anon unmistakably in this and kindred early books.

Looking next at the Address to the Reader, there is genuinely English praise of Englishmen, and a piquantly quaint testimony to the resources of Madagascar and the character of its inhabitants; e.g., "Nature imprisons the natives of our country within the seas; but Art revengeth the injury, and by the invention of shipping makes us free of the whole world, and joynes our island to the remotest continent. The sun doth neither set nor rise but where we are admitted, or make ourselves free denizens; and farthest nations acknowledge us either with veneration or terror. And however the scornfull folly of our neighbours reproacheth us with the name of Islanders, yet have we enlarged our victories on the maine land, and by being immured with the water, gained the privilege to be chief masters of the element. Our forefathers in their discoveries left us a noble envie of their fortunate attempts. And Captaine Bond (to whom I dedicate this weak description of the island, as I am confident the island shortly will itselfe) is now following their glorious tracke, and may arrive to be an equall wonder to after-history. For if we value the riches of the land he is bound for, either naturall, or to be gained by industry, it assures the Adventurers the most plentifull return, being furnisht with such commodities as no other

Plantation ever afforded. If we regard the wholesomeness of the ayre and the pleasure of the soyle, it furnisheth the Planters health and delight. And if we looke on the nature of the people we are to deal with, they, however not civilized into our manners, retain the first incorrupt innocence of man. An earth like that of Eden, pleasant without artifice and plentiful without labour; a people approaching in some degree neere Adam, naked without guilt, and innocent, not by a forc't vertue but by ignorance of evil; and the creatures as humble and serviceable to man as they were before his transgression. But what particularly persuades us to this honourable expedition, Nature hath engrafted in their soules a strange affection toward our nation, and by their submisie entertaining us, seemes to prophecise the easinesse of that victory we are even courted to. But we intend not to betray them to servitude, though conquest lyes open to us. Religion and the arts wee shall instruct them [in], will be sufficient gaine to them for whatsoever riches their country shall afford us. But how happy soever our fortune may be, they will share at least with us, and perhaps preceed us. For what will be our wealth will in no way impoverish them, and what will enable us at our returne cannot make their treasure one graine the lighter. . . . In a word, as it was said of Thebes, so may I trulier say of this island, that the sun in all his progress doth not behold a richer and sweeter country."

The "True Description" proper, I do not mean very largely to quote from. Its geography and topography are superseded by fuller knowledge. Yet may a few grains of gold be gathered. It appears that in the Bay of Augustine, on the west side of the island, English ships bound for India were used from 1608 to "put in," both outward and homeward, to take in their wood and water and other provisions, and to refresh and cure their sick. In this bay, "in Anno 1630, in the Charles and Jonah [odd combination], Capitaine Weddell commander, on the first of July" Walter Hamond arrived, and they all remained "till the beginning of October following, which time," we read, was "spent in coasting along the country and in observing the customs and qualities of the people." "For the season when we arrived there, it was," the narrative continues, "in the depth of Winter, the sun being in the tropick of Cancer; at which time we found the trees and plants in their full verdure, all loaden with greene fruit of severall kinds, the aire so temperate and wholesome that although our people as they did oftentimes sleepe on the bare earth, yet in all the time of our stay there (as divers can justifie) we never had any man sick." Either men have degenerated or there have been climatic changes, for to-day it were perilous so to lie all night on the bare earth of the sea-coast. Speaking next of trees, there is named "ebony, both white and black," and "tamarinds, whereof there are abundance of that growth, that we saw'd some of them into planks that carried foure foot diameter." Here is one shrewd observation: "One thing I observed, that not one tree but bore fruit, though unknown to us; yet the monkeys were our tasters, for if they did eate of them we durst boldly adventure." Nor is this other less interesting: "I may not forget that admirable tree which we named the flesh-tree, whereon I would have all those that desire to try their blades, and to glut their eyes with the effusion of humane blood, to be exercised;

for it is so like to materiall flesh, that if you strike at it and wound it with the sword, it sheweth like an incision made in flesh, and bleedeth forth a crimson sap like very blood; we supposed the *sanguis draconis*, whereof they brought us a great quantity, to be made of the juice of this tree." Whatever could this flesh-tree be? Oranges and lemons, and pepper and cloves, and nutmegs, and many others, are enumerated as found "up the country." Then, "their cattell here," we are told; "I meane their oxen and kine, are the goodliest and largest for size that the world affords, and as fat, their oxen having a great bunch of flesh on the top of their shoulder, as a camell hath on his back." Very fine testimony is borne to the honesty and faithfulness of the people in their bartering with cattle for beads and other trifles, as thus: "All which cattell they brought them downe to us every day in whole droves, so that we were compelled to buy more than we could spend, *which we committed to them to keepe, who at our departure did faithfully restore them to us again.*" And this testimony is repeated and emphasised. More specifically take this: "Concerning the quality and disposition of the people, they are generally of a very loving and affable condition, for in the three moneths that we lived amongst them we had as much freedome, and lived as securely as if the country had bene our owne, and if at any time our people by wandering abroad had lost their way, they would carefully bring them to us in safety without offering them the least injury. They are just in all their dealings, whereof we had good experience. For example, during the time of our abode amongst them, they bringing downe daily such an abundance of cattell, which being sold to us for small prices, we bought every day more than we could spend, to the number of an hundred head of cattell, which we committed to one of their owne people to keepe for us, not greatly caring whether we had them againe or no; yet at our comming away, when we had cleared ourselves of the shore, and all our men and provisions were aboard, our grazier brought downe to the marine all our cattell to a hoofe, and did help us to get them aboard; *and in all our trayding with them we never sustained so much as the losse of one bead.* For theft they punish it with death, the father having that power over his own children; for there we saw the father lance his owne child, a maiden of some ten yeeres of age, for stealing of some two or three beads." There are many *bits* of manners-and-customs painting that might be quoted, as thus: "Every man for the most part weares about his neck his razor, pick-tooth, and wullets to pluck out the haire (for you must note they weare no beards), also his sticks to kindle fire, all which I have to show." There are glimpses of wars and contentions, "chiefly for watering-places." One king paid the Charles and Jonah a visit, and it is thus described:—"At our first comming a shore, when they beheld us set up our tents, and had planted a couple of fowlers, they imagined that we came to inhabit there, whereupon their king, Andrapela, with his company, to the number of an hundred, came to our capitaine, submissively laying their launces at his feet, and kissed them, offering himself and his people unto his subjection, praying him to receive them, their wives, children, and cattell under his protection, and to defend them from their enemies, which the capitaine accepted. He [Andrapela] told us of the mortal

wars they had with the Massagores, their next borders; but before we departed we left them good friends." One naturally queries how the captain and Master Hamond communicated with his majesty King Andrapela. One wonders, too, if Andrapela would have agreed with the breadth of interpretation put on his signs and symbols. There was humour in King Andrapela, which took pleasant form, thus: "Upon a time—I know not upon policy or necessity—they came to our captain with a lamentable cry that the Massagores were come down upon them and had drove away their cattell, and that unlesse we came speedily to rescue them they should be either all slaine or captured. Whereupon in halfe an houre's time wee had at least two hundred of our men in armes, with our drum and colours flying, to look out for this supposed enemy. Having marched thus a mile or two into the woods, they brought us at length unto a place where the king had provided three or four fat sheep and other things to feast us, and this was all the enemy we found."

With one other extract concerning their religion we may end our gleanings from this old forgotten book: "For their religion, as far as we could trace them, we conceived them (if of any) to be Mahometans, which they have gotten by their affinity and near neighbourhood to the Moores. That filthy sect, like a contagious leprosie, hath generally infected almost all those eastern and southerne parts of the world; for we observed them to be circumcised. Their priests came often to us, and were present sometimes at our devotions, where they behaved themselves with a great deale of reverence. They showed us their books, which were made of parchment, or sundried sheep-skins. Their characters were like the Egyptian hieroglyphicks, some like a fish, a tree, a flower, a beast, and the like, which they would read to us in a confused manner, being, as they told us, a prayer to God. We showed them one of our books, which, when they had well viewed and turned over, they delivered us back again, requesting us to read therein, wherat they gave good attention; yet they understood us no more than we did them." And eke Master Hamond, no less.

A "leisure hour" may be worse spent than in pondering these long-ago uttered words and doings. Nor can I imagine any one grudging so to give up a quiet hour to such end. The martyr-church of Madagascar is a grander and purer outcome of England's Christianity than would have been any mere "plantation" after the model of others of Jacobean and Charles's days. May He who holds the "seven stars" in his right hand keep clear and high the lights of the golden candlestick which he has placed there!

Macburn.

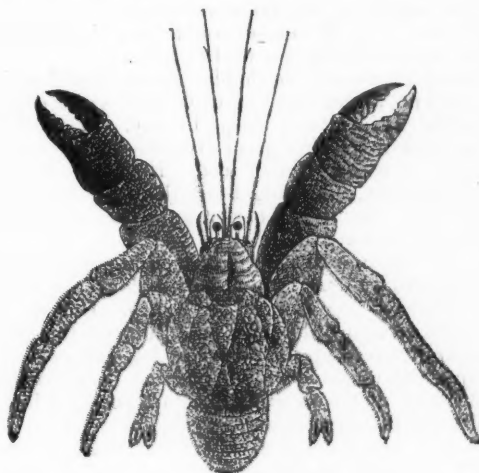
ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE ROBBER-CRAB.

THE proper food of the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*) is cocoa-nut, to obtain which it climbs the tallest trees with perfect ease and throws down the ripe fruit. Descending then to the ground it tears off the husk with its powerful claws. The hard shell is removed by inserting one claw into "the monkey's eye," and so breaking it off bit by bit.

In the Ellice's Group these crabs are so plentiful as to constitute an important article of diet amongst the natives. The plan for catching them is as follows: a quantity of cocoa-nut is scraped, half-baked in an oven, and then scattered over the ground



THE ROBBER-CRAB.

in little heaps. About an hour after sunset the islanders come with lighted torches and find the robber-crabs, guided by the savoury odour, greedily devouring the tempting morsels, eight or ten crabs at one little heap. In this way as many as two hundred are caught in a single night. Spending a pleasant day once on an uninhabited island (Nassau Island), I was surprised to see hundreds asleep on the branches of lofty trees. In perfect safety they hung in rows, holding by their sharp-pointed "toes," in the shade of a primeval forest. These robber-crabs could not have subsisted on cocoa-nuts, as there was at that time but a single cocoa-nut-tree growing on the island. In all probability they fed on the oily nut of the pandanus, which grows in great abundance near the sea. For the benefit of distressed voyagers we planted upwards of thirty young coconut-trees, not without a misgiving that these fierce crabs might destroy them. The native sailors who accompanied Captain Williams and myself filled several baskets with them, intending to have a feast on board. The cook happening to be a surly fellow, the baskets were unopened. At nightfall the crabs, disliking their confinement, forced their way out and crawled all over the ship. Some found their way below and severely bit the toes of the sleeping sailors; others marched into the captain's cabin, compelling him to attack the intruders. With the aid of an ebony ruler he succeeded in expelling them. Next morning the men going aloft met with several on their way to the masthead!

To many Europeans the robber-crab is delicious; to some, however, it is too strong and oily.

The *Birgus latro* hibernates about the beginning of July, and emerges from its seclusion at the end of October. Boring a deep hole in the earth, it excavates a cavity about the size of an unhusked cocoa-nut. When this is completed it carefully closes up the passage by which it entered. Its hiding-place is easily detected by the loose soil thrown up. Brushing this aside, the closed passage is at once detected.

But a single crab is found in a hole. During the period of hibernation it is in a quiescent state; sometimes it wakes up and gnaws the roots which cross its subterranean home. This is the period when it gets rid of its old shell and acquires a new and larger one. At such times it is eagerly sought for by the natives on account of its fatness.

November and December are the spawning months, after which they are not worth eating.

The robber-crab loves to hide in any natural cavity it may find, taking care to provide itself with a supply of food. It invariably sleeps by day. When there is no moon it travels a great distance—to the sea or in quest of a new store of food. Hence the ancient native proverb, "The night is dark; the robber-crab is abroad." By the robber-crab the heathen warrior or murderer is meant.

I once imprisoned a fine specimen in a strong box. To make sure of my crab I nailed down the cover and placed a log of wood on the top. During two nights it remained tolerably quiet, but on the third it actually forced up the cover and log and made its escape. The ingenious crab inserted its great claw into a flaw, and, converting it into a powerful lever, easily effected its purpose.

A small vessel engaged in collecting oil sprang a leak; the craft was in consequence hove down and carefully examined. It turned out that some of these crabs had got into the hold, and, becoming thirsty, had rasped a small hole through the ship's bottom.

In some islands the robber-crab was until recently an object of worship.

THE CENTIPEDE.

It is an interesting circumstance that in the Eastern Pacific, from New Zealand on the south to the Sandwich Islands on the north, there was originally no venomous creature whatever, save the centipede* (*Scolopendra*). The centipede of the Pacific is not more than six inches in length. Unfortunately, a larger variety has lately been unwittingly introduced to the Leeward Islands from South America.

When young, the centipede is much slenderer and longer than when it attains maturity. It may then be called a millepede, and is perfectly harmless. It lives and breeds in hollow stones, in the decaying fronds of the cocoa-nut-tree, and in the old thatch of native dwellings. It loves these haunts on account of the multitudinous insects found therein. It is often seen in the tall grass, or climbing up trees in quest of food. A phosphorescent trail marks its progress. If crushed at night, a mass of phosphorescent light is emitted; hence the ancient native superstition that "Veri" (centipede) is a divinity—the incarnation worshipped by the unhappy tribe of Teipei, who were devoted to the furnishing of human sacrifices.

The bite of the centipede, although extremely painful, is never fatal to human beings. Turkeys in the tropics often swallow centipedes in mistake for worms, and invariably die a few hours afterwards. The under-jaws (or rather arms) of this formidable creature are armed with a strong claw, furnished with an orifice from which poison issues. Little children in the Pacific amuse themselves by dexterously catching the largest centipedes by the neck, and after retaining them for several seconds with perfect impunity, laughingly throw them away again.

* A few years ago the scorpion was accidentally introduced to Tahiti by a vessel laden with logwood—a circumstance much to be regretted.

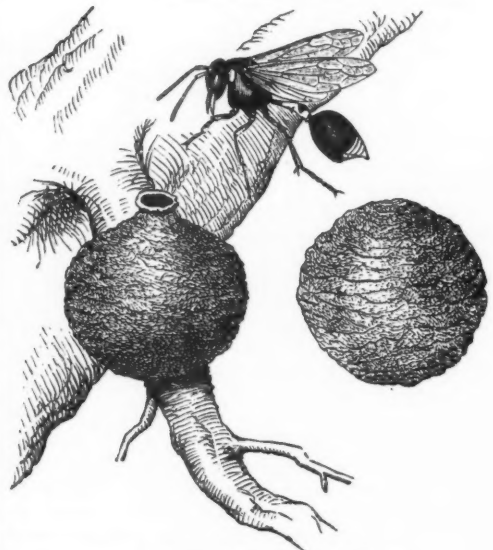
One sultry Sabbath afternoon, a brother-missionary at Rarotonga, when preaching, to his horror felt something cold gliding down his back and leg into his right shoe. An intolerable pain in his heel quickly followed. The agony increased, so that the service was brought to an abrupt termination. On leaving the pulpit, he found a large centipede in his stocking. A fortnight elapsed ere he was able to resume his duties.

Another friend, when preaching, was accustomed to rest both his hands on the pulpit. On one occasion a full-sized centipede made its way up the left arm, on the bare skin, across the shoulders, and finally escaped through the loose sleeve of the right arm. Conscious that something was wrong, he wisely let the creature go on its way unimpeded. He was right; for, strange to say, he was not bitten.

In general, these noxious myriapoda lie coiled up asleep by day, and go about at night in quest of insects. On more than one occasion in the evening the writer has been surprised by a centipede falling upon the sheet of paper on which he was writing. Twice when preaching a formidable centipede has fallen on the open Bible before him. Without disturbing the congregation, he raised the book so that the centipede might fall on the floor, where it was immediately crushed with the foot.

The marae of the centipede-god was at Vaiau, on the east of Mangaia. An ancient banyan-tree overshadowed the rocky spot, in the midst of the taro patches. Not long after the establishment of Christianity, to the dismay of the remaining heathen, on a still day this venerable tree fell with a mighty crash, symbolical of the utter fall of the ancient idolatrous worship. The huge old tree was rotten at the roots; certainly the old faith was worn out and effete. There yet lingers the superstition that the treasures of that almost extinct tribe, hidden in certain caves, are guarded by centipedes of enormous proportions, which with immense convoluted folds are ever ready to destroy intruders.

THE PITCHER WASP.



Wasp and Nest (natural size).

The true vespa, which is social, is unknown in

Central and Eastern Polynesia. In the Loyalty Group I first met with the "mumu," or pitcher wasp, which is a solitary gay insect with bright yellow bands running across its body. The head is black, the jaws and antennæ pale red, the thorax black, and there is a red spot near the head. It sticks its nest of well-kneaded clay in the queerest places;—sometimes on a tree (when it is easily mistaken for a land-shell), exposed to sun and rain; at other times on a church pillar or rafter; and not unfrequently on a door-post, and on the inner side of a cocoa-nut leaf. These nests closely resemble miniature pitchers, an inch in diameter, surmounted by a tasteful rim. The inequalities of the exterior, occasioned by the successive layers of clay, complete the resemblance.

The mother wasp deposits a single egg in this earthen pitcher, securely suspended from the neck by a silken thread. She now diligently collects caterpillars, renders them unconscious by her sting, and drops them into the cavity. When the pitcher is full, the aperture is closed with a clay lid, and the whole plastered over. As soon as the wasp-egg is hatched, it greedily devours the food provided for its use. By the time it is consumed, the larva has attained its full dimensions, and enters upon the pupa state. Emerging in utter darkness from this, the young wasp taps the walls of its prison in order to discover the thinnest part, which it quickly perforates, when it joyfully exchanges its strange prison-house for the free light of day, able at once to provide for its own wants.

Sometimes three or four nests are built in a row close together. Still, each is the depository of only one egg. In the replastering, intended to protect these nests from the attack of lizards and birds, the beautiful symmetry of the original pitchers is destroyed.

The scientific name of this insect is *Eumenes xanthura*, of *Sassure*. In Michelet's "Insects" (just published), p. 287, occurs what appears to be an engraving of the pitcher wasp and its home, but no description is given.

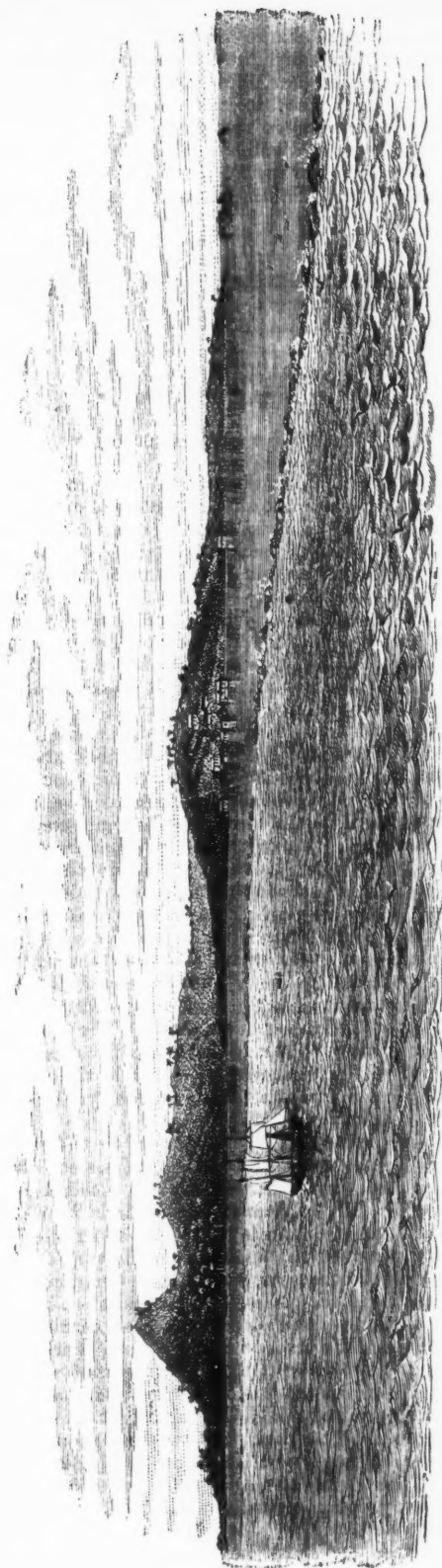
A much smaller species is found in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, on our own southern coast; the nest is very similar.

SHARK-CATCHING AT AITUTAKI.

The lovely island of Aitutaki* seen far off is not unlike a haystack rising out of the ocean. On nearer inspection the seeming haystack proves to be the central fern-clad mountain called "Maungapu." A number of fairy-like islets surround the main island. These islets, but a few feet above the level of the sea, are mere accumulations of sand, shells, and broken coral on upraised portions of a reef built by myriads of unseen workers. But for this natural breakwater the soil and inhabitants of Aitutaki proper would long since have been swept away by the terrific cyclones which too often desolate the Hervey Group.

Aitutaki itself is eight miles long and two and a half broad. It is everywhere fertile, being in fact a tropical garden of no ordinary beauty. It sustains a population of 1,550 souls, self-governed, intelligent, and hospitable. The births are far in excess of the deaths. The outlying islets, which are covered with cocoa palms, are invaluable to the natives as fishing stations. Certain delicate fish plentiful here

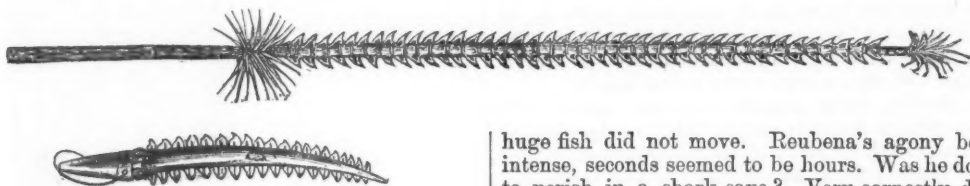
* Aitu-taki = God-led.



ISLAND OF AITUTAKI

are unknown to the other islands of the group. Underneath these islets are numerous submarine caverns in which sharks live and breed.

Natives distinguish these formidable fish, the terror of tropical seas, into the comparatively tame (*mamaru*) and the ferocious (*parata*). The latter (*Squatius carcharias*) is the large white sort, which spares nothing, and under various names was universally worshipped in the Pacific. The mouth is of a tremendous size, indicative of its savage nature.



SHARKS' TEETH SWORD AND DAGGER.

It sometimes attains the length of thirty feet, and invariably disdains the shallow waters of our lagoons.

The lagoon shark is usually about six feet in length. The head, back, and tail are of a dingy colour; the belly and inside of the fins white. Its mouth is comparatively small. A grand feast at Aitutaki is considered incomplete without a supply of these lagoon sharks. The flesh, which is esteemed a delicacy, is invariably eaten *cooked* in the Hervey Group. At Tahiti and Samoa it is devoured *raw*, professedly in revenge.

The Aitutakian method of catching the lagoon shark is remarkable. Arrived over the entrance to the shark cave, the fisherman leaves his canoe to the care of his companions, and dives to the bottom, carrying with him a slipknot of strong cord. He expects to find two or three sharks at home, well satisfied and drowsy after feeding in the lagoon, with their tails towards the entrance. Selecting the largest, the diver adroitly adjusts a noose over the tail, taking care that it hangs loosely. If he has another noose, he secures a second shark. The shark-catcher now, with one bound on the white sandy bottom, rises to the surface, in order to assist his friends in hauling up the fish. The astonished sleepers beneath suddenly find themselves ascending tail first to the surface. Once inside the canoe, a smart blow from an axe between the eyes or on the tail ends its career.

But accidents sometimes happen to the bravest. One of the most successful shark-catchers at Aitutaki was Reubena, whose ancestors had excelled at this perilous sport. Long practice had made him almost amphibious. One Saturday morning he started off with two companions in a canoe across the placid lagoon to one of the more distant islets. Grasping in his left hand a noose provided for the occasion, he dived down to the entrance of a large submarine cave. On entering it, Reubena found several sharks lazily resting themselves. In a trice a slipknot was skilfully passed over the tail of the nearest shark without exciting its ire. The shark at this critical juncture moved, so that there was not room enough for Reubena to get out. He now gently stroked the side of the shark, and succeeded in inducing it to move away, so as to permit his exit. This operation is said to be very agreeable to the fish; but if through nervousness the shark be stroked the wrong way,

its anger is sure to be excited, and the diver's life would be the certain forfeit.

Reubena was making his escape, when to his dismay another large shark came back from feeding in the lagoon, and blocked up the entrance with his unwieldy body. To get out now was impossible, for even Reubena dared not stroke the head of the monster. In utter darkness, the captive fisherman waited, in hope that the shark would go farther in so as to leave the opening free. But unhappily the

huge fish did not move. Reubena's agony became intense, seconds seemed to be hours. Was he doomed to perish in a shark-cave? Very earnestly did he entreat God to save him from this dreadful form of death. At last the shark passed on quietly into the interior, and a faint light streamed in upon Reubena, who was barely able to get out of the cave and rise to the surface. His associates in the canoe, who had become anxious for his safety, seized him by the hair and pulled him in, blood flowing from his ears, eyes, and nostrils.

Reubena was at once conveyed to the islet and placed in the shade. A refreshing draught of coconut water and a profound sleep restored the energies of the exhausted fisherman. That afternoon the brave Reubena again attacked the submarine shark-cave, and actually succeeded in capturing all its inmates.

In the Tokelau Group the sharks which roam in their magnificent lagoons are by no means objects of fear. Even boys and women engaged in fishing easily drive them away by beating and splashing the water. At Aitu the sharks are exceedingly fierce. Several instances have recently occurred of natives being actually dragged out of their canoes by sharks and devoured. Others, when angling on the outer edge of the reef, were in sight of their companions carried off by these insidious foes concealed in the foam of the breakers.

In Western Polynesia the ancient practice of burying the dead in the sea has made the sharks there particularly fierce.

The writer once got into a small canoe, and was paddled ashore at Mangaia, a distance of half a mile. We had hardly left the ship's side when a large shark that had been following the ship chased us. The natives paddled with their might, but our foe rapidly gained upon us. Nothing could be easier for the shark than to upset our canoe and secure a victim. We therefore deemed it wisest to stop paddling, and when the fish came sufficiently near we gave him, to his intense disgust, several blows on the head with the paddles. The foe retreated, and we made for shore. But the hungry monster, recovering from his fright, again chased the little canoe. Again we were compelled to pause and fight. Upon the shark's second retreat we gained the reef, and felt thankful that we were at last safe.

When a shark is caught a number of "suckers" (*Echeneis remora*), or small parasite fish, are invariably found on its body. At night these parasites, as well as the shark, become phosphorescent. It is asserted by the natives that they leave the shark.

and for a short period adhere to the body of any unfortunate swimmer. Upon returning to their huge friend the slimy phosphorescent matter left by these "suckers" unerringly guides the monster to its prey. The phosphorescence of the shark at night is a merciful provision to give warning of its approach.

The skin of the shark furnishes the covering of the native drum, and gives polish to their spears. The pointed teeth of the shark are still used for grooving wooden mallets for beating native cloth. In some islands they are used as ear-ornaments. The broad serrated teeth were the only scissors of the olden time. For convenience they were fixed on bits of reed, but the operation of hair-cutting was very painful. An essential part of mourning for the dead was to lacerate the body with shark's teeth.

The natives of the Gilbert Islands catch sharks after the Aitutakian fashion, and despise Europeans for not being able to do the same. In fighting they use swords made of hard cocoa-nut wood, shark's teeth being securely fixed on either side. Seizing a victim by the hair, his head would be literally *sawn off* in a few seconds. Sometimes these deadly weapons are double pronged, to enable the warrior to saw off two heads at once.

Not long since, a white man in full diving dress went down in Mooa Pass, in Torres Straits, in quest of the pearl oyster (*Avicula*). A number of formidable sharks soon surrounded him, their eyes glaring upon the intruder. In the hope of frightening them away, he unwisely stabbed the nearest with the knife used for opening pearl oysters. Their thirst for blood was now most horrible to behold; so that the diver gave himself up for lost. He dared not ascend the ladder, lest they should seize his legs. Very wisely, therefore, he stood perfectly motionless until, providentially, they all took their departure. The diver registered a vow that day never again needlessly to interfere with sharks.

W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

IV.—THE SONGS AND MUSIC OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII.

WHATEVER may be our opinion concerning the social and political virtues of "Bluff King Hal," we must admit that he was (at least in his young days) a "jovial prince," a lover of song and minstrelsy, a performer on the virginals and organ, and a musician of no mean skill and excellence. His court was filled with eminent men connected with art and literature, and the king delighted in their company, and patronised their efforts to amuse and instruct. This may be accounted for by his education, which was a liberal one. He was intended for the Church, during the lifetime of his elder brother, Prince Arthur, and received instruction in the sciences, of which music formed a prominent feature. According to Hall's "Chronicle," the king exercised himself daily in "shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing on the recorders, flute, and virginals, and in setting songs and making ballads." The same authority tells us that he composed two masses, "which were oftentimes sung in his chapel, and in other places."

These are not now known to exist. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, speaking of his education, "being destined to the archbishopric of Canterbury," adds, "by these means not only the more necessary parts of learning were infused into him, but even those of ornament, so that besides being an able Latinist, philosopher, and divine, he was (which one might wonder at in a king) a curious musician"—the term *curious* being here used in the sense of learned. Honest John Playford, in his admirable "Introduction to the Skill of Musick," tells us that "King Henry the Eighth did much advance musick in the first part of his reign, when his mind was more intent upon arts and sciences, at which time he invited the best masters out of Italy and other countries, whereby he grew to great knowledge therein."

Some very curious particulars of the king's love of music are contained in the Venetian dispatches, a selection from which was edited by Mr. Rawdon Brown in 1854, under the title of "Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII." In a letter of Sagudino (secretary to the embassy), written to Alvise Foscari, May 3, 1515, he says:—"He (the king) is courageous, an excellent musician, plays the virginals well, is learned for his age and station, and has many other endowments and good parts."

On the 1st of May, 1515, after the celebration of May-day at Greenwich, the ambassadors dined at the palace, "and after dinner were taken into certain chambers containing a number of organs, virginals, flutes, and other instruments; and having heard from the ambassadors that Sagudino was a proficient on some of them, he was asked by the nobles to play, which he did for a long while, both on the virginals and organ, and says that he bore himself bravely, and was listened to with great attention. The prelates told him that the king would certainly wish to hear him, for he practised on these instruments *day and night*." In a subsequent letter (by the ambassador Sebastian Giustinian) the writer says:—"Friar Dionisius Memo, the organist of St. Mark's (Venice), arrived here a few days ago with a most excellent instrument of his which he has brought hither with much pains and cost. . . . The king received him with favour. He played not merely to the satisfaction, but to the incredible admiration and pleasure of everybody, and especially of his majesty, who is extremely skilled in music." The king was so delighted with Memo that he appointed him one of his musicians, "and says he will write to Rome to have him unfrocked out of his monastic weeds, so that he may merely retain holy orders, and that he will make him his chaplain." In this case, remarks Giustinian, "a piece of fine fortune will have befallen him, for to be a royal chaplain is an honourable appointment, and very profitable." In another letter, of a later date, the same writer speaks of a performance of instrumental music by "Master Dionisius Memo, the king's chaplain, which lasted during *four consecutive hours*, to the so great admiration of all the audience, and with such marks of delight from his majesty, as to defy exaggeration." When we consider the qualifications necessary for the proper understanding of classical instrumental music—organ solos, string quartets, etc.—this anecdote is remarkable. The audience upon the occasion referred to consisted of "a cardinal, two or three ambassadors, and a numerous train of lords and prelates." Those who were not so musical as the

king must have been awfully bored. But they were courtiers!

Dionisius Memo was greatly patronised by the king, who appointed him music-master to his daughter Mary. It is not a little singular that he has escaped the notice of all musical biographers, English and foreign, although it is evident, from what we have shown, that he occupied a prominent position in his time. He is frequently mentioned by his cotemporaries, one of whom, Pier Contarini, in his "Argo Vulgar," speaks of his musical abilities in the highest terms. We find by a transcript of the registers of St. Mark's, Venice, that he was organist from 1507 to 1516, at which time he came to England, where he probably remained.

The king's organ or virginal book, now before us, contains a number of interesting specimens by the chief writers of the time—Hugh Aston, William Blitheman, John Redford, etc. It is a small oblong volume in the original binding stamped with the royal arms and badges. It bears the name of the well-known John Heywood on the introductory fly-leaf. We extract a short specimen of the music, which may be taken as a sample of the rest of the volume. Clever as it is in construction, we must say that it is not exactly that kind of music one would care to listen to through four long dreary hours.

"A VOLUNTARIE."

MASTER ALLWOODE. A.D. 1530.



John Heywood is first mentioned as a "singer" in the court of Henry VIII. He was probably then very young, and retained for the excellence of his voice. He is afterwards called a "player on the virginals." He subsequently became a dramatic author, besides being the writer of many songs and ballads. One of these, directly connected with the amusement of the court, and well deserving preservation, is contained in the British Museum. We quote a few stanzas, modernising the spelling:—

"Long have I been a singing man,
And sundry parts off have I sung,
Yet one part since I first began
I could nor can sing, old or young;
The mean [tenor], I mean, which part showeth well
Above all parts most to excell.

The bass and treble are extremes,
The tenor standeth sturdily,
The counter [alto] reigneth then it seems;
The mean must make our melody.
This is the mean, who meaneth it well,
The part of parts that doth excell.

The mean in loss, the mean in gain,
In wealth or in adversity;
The mean in health, the mean in pain,
The mean meaneth always equity,
The mean thus meant may mean full well,
Of all other parts most to excell."

The well-known wit of Heywood, and his abilities as a singer and a player, must have been a boon to the court of Henry VIII. The king was a jovial companion, and delighted, as we know from contemporary evidence, to take his part in the songs called after him, "King Henry's Mirth." Some few of these may be worth quoting as illustrating the feeling of the time. We can fancy them trolled out, after the fatigue of a "state day," by the king and his companions, Sir Peter Carew, Heywood, and perhaps two or three others. What a relief after the "ambassadors' reception," and the "four hours" of organ-playing!

"The jolly old dog, the old jolly dog,
As he lay in his den a;
Huffa, buffa,
Trolilo, trolilo,
As he lay in his den a."

The words "*huffa buffa*" are supposed to represent the barking of the jolly old dog.

"Who liveth so merry in all the land,
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?"

And ever she singeth, as I can guess,
Will you buy any sand, mistress?

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying brooms from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all day long to do nothing but sing?

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon decay."

And so on in the same strain. This was long a popular ditty, and frequently printed in broadside form, and sung in the streets of London down to the end of the last century.

"It was a frog in the well,
Humble-dum, humble-dum;
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog would a wooing ride,
Sword and buckler by his side;

When he was upon his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet;

When he came to the merry mill-pin,
Lady Mouse been you within?

Then came out the dusty mouse,
I am lady of this house;

Hast thou any mind of me?
I have e'en great mind of thee.

Who shall this marriage make?
Our lord which is the rat;

What shall we have to our supper?
Three beans in a pound of butter.

When supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat;

Then came in Gib, our cat,
And catcht the mouse e'en by the back.

Then did they separate,
And the frog leapt on the floor so fat;

Then came in Dick, our drake,
And threw the frog into the lake;

The rat ran up the wall,
And, for the nonce, escaped them all."

Many different versions of this ballad have been handed down to the present day, and seem to have afforded amusement to royalty three hundred and fifty years ago.

Among the boon companions of the king we must include Sir John Harrington, who composed the music to the "Black Sanctus," a satirical song for three voices, upon the monks, "when King Henry spoiled their singing." The king used to sing this with Sir John and "young Tallis of the chapel," afterwards the celebrated composer. The poor dislodged monks and friars were fair game, and gave ample sport to the king and his merry companions, and many a scurrilous rhyme was made upon their misfortunes. Another source of merriment was the sottish and slovenly Flemings who came into England with Anne of Cleves. One of these songs ridicules

them under the name of "rutterkins," which probably means riders or troopers (derived from the German *reiter*, *router*).

"Rutterkin is come into our town,
In a cloak, without coat or gown,
Save a ragged hood to cover his crown,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin can speak no English,
His tongue runneth all on buttered fish,
Besmeared with grease about his dish,
Like a rutter hoyda.

Rutterkin shall bring you all good luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a duck,
Like a rutter hoyda."

Among the favourites of Henry VIII, Puttenham notices "one Gray, who grew into favour by his writing certain merry ballads, one of which was 'The Hunt is Up, the Hunt is Up!'" This ballad has fortunately been discovered in an ancient ms., and we are enabled to present it to our readers, together with its pretty tune:—

"THE KING'S HUNT IS UP."

Spiritoso.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And
it is well - nigh day;... And Har-ry our King is
gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay....

"The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around,
The grass is green, and so are the treen,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey tantara tee tee!

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth by,
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
Be merry as you may;
For Harry our King is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay."

Henry VIII, as we have said, was a writer of ballads, both words and music. The one popularly known, "Passtime with Good Company," was discovered by Ritson, and printed in his "Ancient English Songs." The music given in Smith's "Musica Antiqua" is far better than the words beginning

"Passtime with good company
I love, and shall until I die ;"

Bishop Latimer made this ballad the subject of one of his sermons before Edward VI. He wished to instil into Edward a higher view of what "pastime with good company" should be than he would gather from his father's ballad, and on that account he took it almost as a text for his sermon before the young king.

A few years ago we were partly instrumental in bringing to light a magnificent volume of songs and ballads, with the music, which once belonged to the king, containing a large number of lyrics of which no other copies are known, many of them being written and composed by the king himself in the early part of his reign. The following interesting song, written by Henry, shows that he was about to make war against the French king on behalf of the pope :—

"England be glad ! pluck up thy lusty heart !
Help now thy king, thy king, and take his part
Against the Frenchmen in the field to fight
In the quarrel of the Church and in the right !
With spears and shields, on goodly horses light,
Bows and arrows to put them all to flight :
Help now thy king."

Again we have an interesting round :—

"Pray we to God, that all may guide,
That for our king so to provide,
To send him power to his courage
He may achieve this great voyage.
Now let us sing this round all three,
Saint George grant him the victory !"

One of the chief contributors to this volume was William Cornishe, a musician well deserving a place in our biographical dictionaries. He was a poet, a composer of excellence, and eventually "Master of the children of the King's Chapel." His qualifications were many and varied. We first hear of him in 1493, when, on the 12th November, the Privy Purse accounts contain an item, "To one Cornyshe for a Prophecy, in rewarde, 13s. 4d."; and on Christmas Day, 1502, a similar sum for a Christmas carol. He was famous for making satirical rhymes, which sometimes got him into trouble. One of his poems is dated from the Fleet Prison. He had fallen under the displeasure of the Council—perhaps for some "prophecy," or ballad, not quite agreeable to the king. However this may be, he was eventually restored to the favour of the king, for in the last year of his reign we again find, "To Mr. Kyte, Cornishe, and other of the Chapell that played afore the King at Richmonte [Richmond], £6 13s. 4d."

We shall give one of Cornishe's songs—"Blow thy horn, Hunter!"—a melody, from its modern character, that might have been composed at the

present day. The note over which a pause is placed was probably produced with the lips closed, so as to imitate the sound of the horn. As several cotemporary copies have been preserved, it was probably a special favourite at the Court of Henry VIII.

"BLOW THY HORN, HUNTER."

Andante.

Blow thy horn, hun - ter, Cu, blow thy horn on high; In
yon-der wood there lieth a doe, In faith, she will not die, Cu,
Blow thy horn, hunter, Cu, blow thy horn, jolly hun - - ter!

Among the treasures of the British Museum, is "A list of Henry VIII's musical instruments, being those in the different palaces at the time of the King's death." They consisted of five pair of "Double Regalles" (reed instruments of the harmonium kind), two of them bearing the arms of the King and Queen Jane; thirteen pair of "Single Regalles" (instruments with one row of keys); numerous pairs of "Virginals" (the predecessor of the pianoforte), both single and double; two pair of "Claricordes" (also a kind of pianoforte); nineteen "Vialles" (of the violin tribe), great and small; four "Gitternes" (guitars) with four cases to them, called "Spanish Vialles"; two "Gitterron pipes, of ivory, tipped with silver"; fourteen "Gitterron pipes, of woode, in a bagg of leather, called Cornettes"; "a Gitterron and a Lute in a case together"; flutes innumerable, some of ivory tipped with gold; a case with ten flutes in it, called "Pilgrim staves"; "Crumhorns" and "Recorders," great and small, some of ivory and some of wood (instruments of the flute kind); one great "Baas recorder"; nine "Shalmes"; a "Bagpipe" with pipes of ivory, the bag covered with purple velvet; two pair of new long Virginals, "made harp fashion of eypres, with keys of ivory, having the King's arms crowned, and supported by his grace's beasts within a garter gilt, standing over the keys"; a flute and "two pipes of black ebony"; other flutes of "glasso"; various "short instruments called Dulcimers"; and a little "Venice flute," with "sundrie Bookes and skrolles of Songes and Ballades."

Such is a brief sketch of some of the amusements of a court that was certainly a musical one, if its taste might be questioned at the present day. But with all its shortcomings, the royal collection of musical instruments—although it contained no Broadwoods or Erards, no Collards or Kirkmans—might challenge comparison with that of Victoria herself.



Between Palm Sunday and Good Friday.

FOUR SONNETS.

BY REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC.

I.

MONDAY.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" (Is. lxiii. 1. For the Epistle.)

WHO cometh Zionward? The Seraphim
'Twixt earth and heaven in dread amaze reply
"The Lord to Whom continually we cry,
Adoring." But, behold, His eyes are dim,
His step is slow, and none to honour Him
Sing now "Hosanna." Nor girds He on His thigh,
Or sways in hand, sword, sceptre, royally.
Only a mystic Cup full to the brim
He bears, as towards the Valley and the Hill,
Where He must drink it, wearily He tends.
All of God's wrath and all of human ill—
Sin, sorrow—in that Cup begins and ends.
So comes He to His hour: Gethsemane
Is nigh beneath Him: o'er Him Calvary.

II.

TUESDAY.

"I was not rebellious, neither turned away back: I gave my back to the smiters, my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my Face from shame and spitting. . . . I set my Face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." (Is. l. 5, 6, 7. For the Epistle.)

NO cheering rays His path to death illume.
Warning Him back and shrieking in His ear
The hands and voices of His human fear
Clutch at His heart and cry to Him of doom,
Less of the dismal silence of the tomb
Than of its way of sorrows in the shame
Of scornful deed and word and hideous blame,
That must precede the last and utter gloom.
Yet is His Face set! sadness soft and stern
Sits on His priestly brow and in His eye,
Stern to His fear, but in humility
Most gentle. This is strength that nought shall
turn:
Stronger than passion: in the still drear Vale,
Or on the blatant Hill, it will not fail.

III.

WEDNESDAY.

"—Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the Twelve." (St. Luke xxii. 3. The Gospel.)

AT Bethany with His beloved alone,
I' the calm ere the far-murmuring storm of
hate
Breaks o'er Him:—when, as if they know 'tis late
And the end near, the chosen few, His own,
Draw close about Him, wondering, fearful—one
Is not. Son of perdition, reprobate,
He, though in secret guile he lies in wait,
Is to his Lord by bitterest anguish known.
"His own familiar friend!" O deeper woe
Herein—to that torn heart intenser pain—
In thought of love's "sweet counsel" all in vain,
Than in all hate and hurt of fiend and foe!
By stealth the traitor wrought: shunning the light:
So, later, went he out, and it was night.

IV.

THURSDAY.

"The same night in which He was betrayed." (1 Cor. xi. 23. The Epistle.)

THIS night was asked and answered in the gloom
The trembling "Is it I?" This night the
Feast,
Last, first—last Passover, first Eucharist—
Made doubly consecrate the Upper Room.
Therefrom this night He passed unto His doom.
Blood-red this night 'gan glow the mystic East
What time fell earthward from the Victim-Priest
The drops that marked Him for the Cross and Tomb.
This night that visage marred and smitten knew
In a kiss its foulest stain. This night in fear
Fled all who loved Him: and it deeper grew
As the loud oaths of Peter smote His ear.
O JESU—Human sorrow, Grace Divine!—
Was ever grief, was ever love, like Thine!

Varieties.

LIVINGSTONE'S HEROIC SPIRIT OF DUTY.—In this journey I have endeavoured to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil were met with a full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other.—*Journal, 25th Oct., 1870.*

LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.—The "City Press," at the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of the present year, thus wrote: "For twelve months we may claim for the new Lord Mayor that he is public not private property, and that he may not give up to any private party what is meant for mankind. His time will be too much occupied with the business of the City and Corporation, and the various interests connected therewith, to attend to other matters, whatever may be his inclinations. He is a governor of Christ's Hospital, of St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, and also Bridewell and Bethlehem. He is head of the Commission of Lieutenancy. He is a trustee, along with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, of St. Paul's Cathedral. He is president or patron of many other public institutions. As a social and educational reformer he has thus a fine field of usefulness. It is to be feared that a good deal of money is diverted from its legitimate aim; that the best wishes of the pious founder are often disregarded; that rich people get frequently the benefit of what was left for the poor. Our new Lord Mayor may do much good in this way if he be so inclined. All human institutions are liable to abuse. We expect the Lord Mayor, as far as in him lies, to help to uproot the abuse." Thus far the "City Press," but we have a few more words to add. Many of the Lord Mayors have been men of high religious character, truly representing the sober and God-fearing virtues which distinguish England, with all its faults, from continental countries. The present Lord Mayor is the first who has lowered the dignity of the English magistrates by Sunday festivities, if the reports of the eccentric trip to Paris are authentic. When the Queen and Prince Albert first visited Napoleon III, they remained in seclusion on the Sunday; and the Emperor respected the feeling of his guests. For the honour of English usages, if not from Christian principle, the bustling officials of London ought to have remembered the day of rest, and not sanctioned the abuses of a French Sunday.

SITES OF OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.—At the opening of the Congregational Memorial Hall, Sir Charles Reed referred to the present sites of some of the principal religious societies in London, indicating local changes of great historical interest. "I have been reminded to-day of the wonderful changes old London has seen during these past centuries, and the immense advance of our religious liberty. Let those who, like myself, have ascended the tower of this building, and looked around them, carry their imagination back and remember what London was. Northward, who would not think of Smithfield, with its horrid memories? Around that open space—the Campus Planus of the Romans—the hunted Protestants found shelter, till—

'Persecution drove them out,
And chased them up to heaven.'

Southward, on one side of the old Fleet River, there was a monastery of the Benedictine order, the Black Friars. Near where that monastery stood, where afterwards the Bible was burned by the common hangman, we now see the noble front of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On the other side of the Fleet, the Carmelites, the White Friars, had their conventual establishment; and there, where the Alsatian territory afterwards was, has recently been reared the ample building of the London City Mission. Looking north, towards St. Paul's, who will not think of St. Paul's Cross, where Latimer rebuked men who wore crowns, and spoke to the people in plain language in the name of his Master; of Pawles Church, as it was called, where Wycliffe was cited, and went up with a king's son standing gallantly at his side? On that site is now the great Religious Tract Society. The Sunday School Union is

near where the old Justice Hall was, in which prisoners were tried before coming to the Fleet. Then coming westward to this point, we have a Memorial Hall for the use of various societies, erected at a cost of £75,000. Where? In the very place to which the noble men who, examined briefly and condemned speedily at the 'council-table,' were sent as prisoners of the Star Chamber, to be placed in the dungeons of this Fleet Prison. These victims were brought from Whitehall at midnight, by water, and came up the Fleet, which was navigable as high as the Old Bourne (Holborn). At this point there was a gate like the Traitor's Gate at the Tower, through which prisoners were brought; and few of them went out but for punishment, or execution at Tyburn. It is interesting to remember that our Memorial Hall is erected upon a spot with memories so sacred."

ATTWOOD'S £1000 CHECKS.—Mr. Attwood, who died recently near Cheshunt, was the giver of all the anonymous £1,000 checks. He was about eighty years old and a bachelor; rich, but living very quietly. His books show that he gave away £350,000 in this way; £45,000 within the last year. He has left more than a million sterling and no will. Mr. Attwood is said to have been connected with the Birmingham Attwoods, and to have made his money principally by glass.

PARLOUR GAMES.—A correspondent writes: "In your paper on 'Parlour Games' (p. 60) one is not put which is first-rate, called 'Conglomerations.' It is played thus: All the players write on one slip of paper a word, on another a question. They are folded up and put into two hats, or any receptacle; then every one takes out a word and a question, and in verse, answers the question, bringing in the word. Of course, the more eccentric the poetry the better the fun. I once had as a question, 'What does a chick think about in its shell?' and the word I got was 'voluntary.' I wrote:

'What does a chick think about in its shell?
Why, really, that's not very easy to tell;
But as it's no voluntary prisoner, no doubt
It thinks, if at all, it would like to get out!'

Another: 'Did Minerva's owl ever come to Great Britain?' Word, 'Flannel breeches.' Answer:

'Minerva's owl
Was a poor old fowl.
She wanted to cross the Channel,
But being so old,
And the water so cold,
She made herself breeches of flannel.'

This answer sent all the party into a chorus of laughter."

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPTED ESCAPE AFTER THE HUNDRED DAYS.—From the lapse of time—fifty-nine years since the Battle of Waterloo—it may be interesting to many to read the following statement. "It is well known to readers of history that it was Bonaparte's intention, after the Battle of Waterloo, and when he had lost all hope of continuing on the throne of France, to escape to America, but was prevented by our Government sending out their men-of-war to intercept him if possible. How thoroughly this was carried out the following incident will prove. On the 26th July, or thereabout, of that year, I sailed as a passenger from Poole, Dorsetshire, in one of Messrs. Spurrier and Jolliffe's vessels, the *Hannah*, of Poole, Thomas Roe, master, for Burin, in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. One morning, being in about 35° longitude, we heard a gun fired from a distance, which was shot from the Porcupine, British ship of war. In consequence Captain Roe hove to, and presently a boat came alongside, manned by the first-lieutenant, midshipmen's and boat's crew, the two of the former, with two of the sailors, boarding the *Hannah*, furnished with instruments to bore any suspicious place, if such were to be found, and demanding the ship's papers. After having looked over the ship's papers—and thoroughly rummaging the vessel—the lieutenant stated to the captain that he might continue his voyage. Feeling annoyed, he asked the lieutenant for what reason he detained him, having run up British colours. He replied, 'That it was to see he had not Bonaparte on board.'"

T. ruvo.

EDWARD SHARP.

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THE SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

THE Committee have great pleasure in announcing that the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., has kindly consented to preach, on Sunday, May 9th, one of the Annual Sermons in the Parish Church of St. James's, CLERKENWELL, Divine Service commencing at Half-past Six o'clock, p.m.; and that the Rev. C. H. SURGEON has also kindly engaged to preach the other at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, NEWINGTON, Divine Service commencing at a Quarter to Eleven o'clock, a.m.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The Public Meeting will be held on Wednesday Evening, May 5th, at Exeter Hall, commencing at Half-past Six o'clock. The Chair will be taken by STEVENSON BLACKWOOD, Esq., and amongst the speakers will be the following:—the Rev. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S., Canon of Durham; Professor SMYTH, M.P. for Londonderry; the Rev. T. S. WYNKOOP, of Allahabad; and Dr. BARNABO. GEORGE HENRY DAVIS, LL.D., Secretary.

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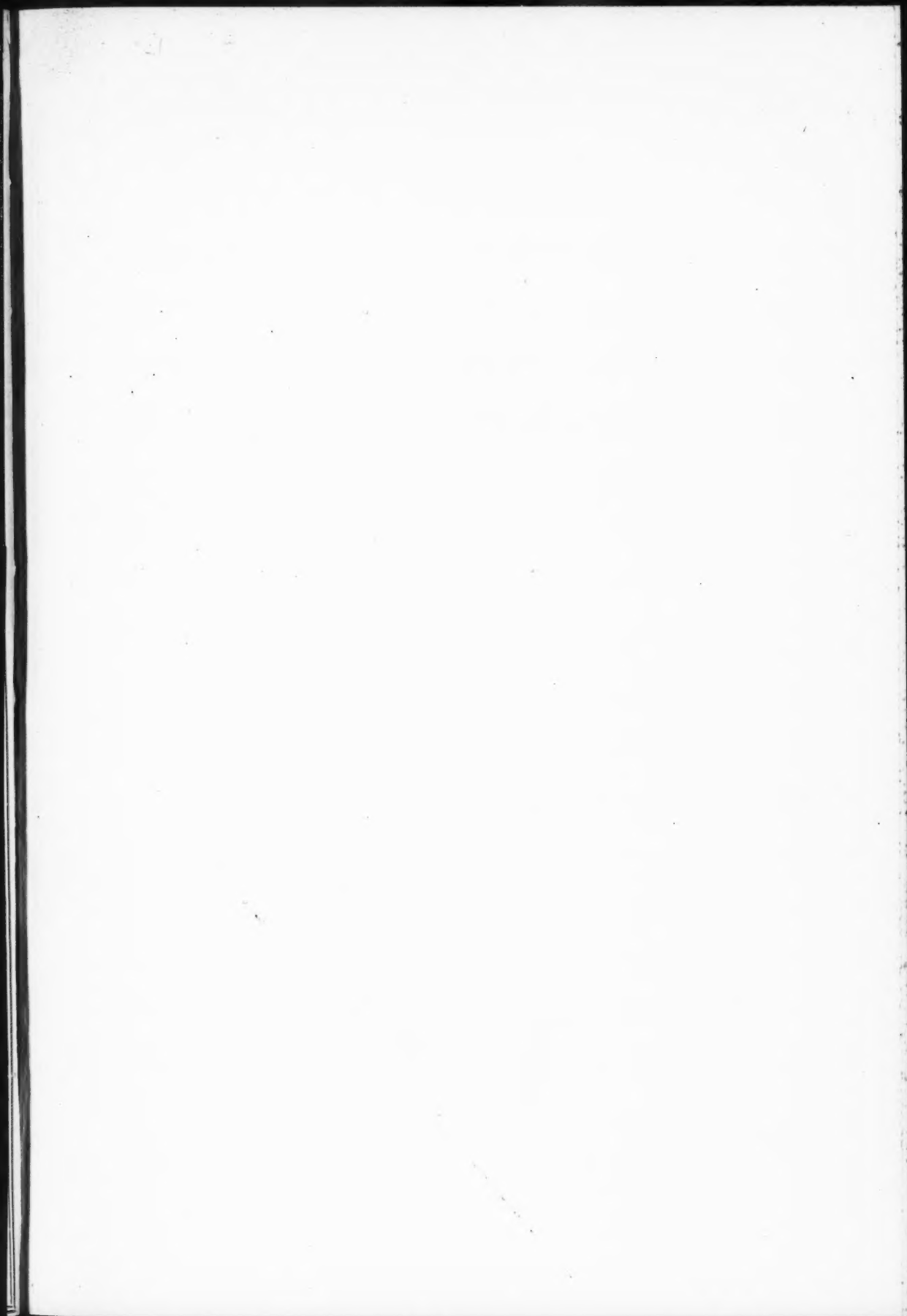
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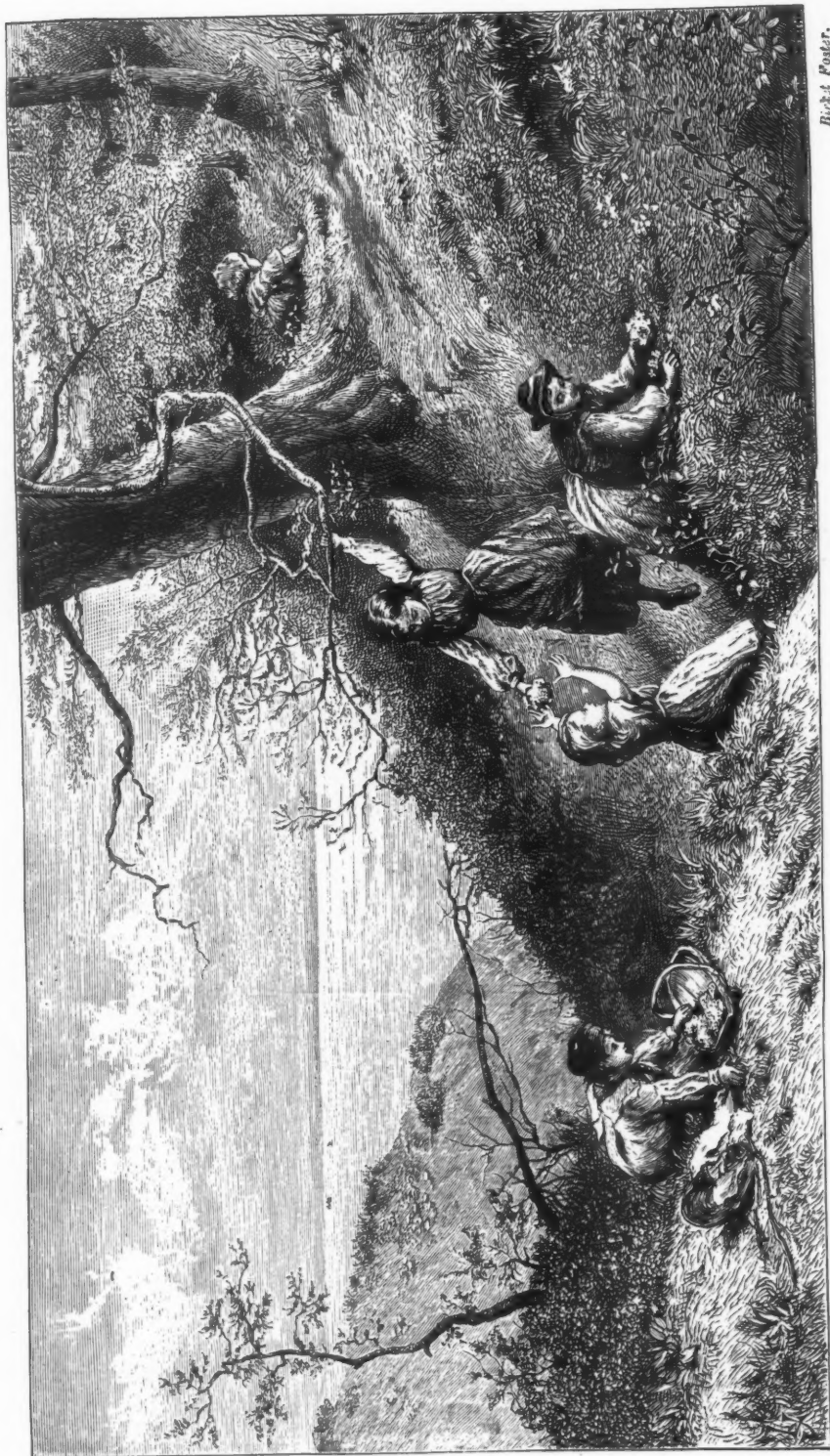
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